

pardoned by Gov. Blackburn, was up before the Police Court this morning for assaulting women and attempting to shoot a policeman, and he was sent to the work-house for six months. We suppose he must have been once broken down by disease.—[Post and News.

A German statistician has discovered that the mails of the world carry an average of 9,000,000 letters daily. The daily average of telegrams is 369,000.

Billy Emerson, the the negro minstrel, registered himself at a Philadelphia hotel: "Billy emerson, san francisco." But he gets a salary of \$500 a week.

Timuc paper napkins, with a color ornamented border, are used in the dining saloons of Unclunanti. They are used because linen napkins were frequently pilfered.

standing in a row before her, with scratched hands. She interpreted to mean that she would have eight husbands. Her seventh husband died early, and although she is now 84, is confident that the dream will be fulfilled.

...s that burn—Amateur poet—the editor's waste basket is
...g.
...thousand books have been
our Rebellion.

DEBATE.

From \$25 to \$50 in the
first; \$40; intermediate
and \$60.

Board, &c., address
CAMP, Peimeloni,
Board, Lincoln Co., N.Y.

This offer to remain of
scriptions to date from
this office and remain
ent. Cash Commissions
free copy, but such a
many paper.

Proprietors (Cincinnati)

Mr. A. A. Warner
is and Weekly Commissions
subscriptions left with his
attention.

This order to remain open till Jan. 1, 1930, and such subscriptions to date from those of their exceptions as this office and routines three months. Two percent. Club Commission to Club Organizers as a free copy for each club of ten, no Club Organizers may join.

M. HALLSTAD & CO.,
Treasurers (National Commercial, Cincinnati),
Mr. A. A. Wanner is Agent for Cincinnati, Ill.
It is highly recommended to attend, if you
subscriptions left with him will send your personal
attention.

600-61

HATS & SHOES,

**l, Ky.,)
31, 1879.)**

pays. We

ne for your-

E & CO.

AND HATS.

H. RUPLEY,

TAILORS

RIENCE,

estic Cloths & Cassimeres,

and Winter, in the

DOMERSET STS., STANFORD.

g in the Latest Styles and

Satisfaction. Cutting and

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED!

1000 Dressed Turkeys

—BY—

HARRIS & MANNELLEY,

624-41

IMPORTANT!

my house was burned, my settlement with
all the estate of Henry, living, dead, and
deceased were destroyed in toto, and mon-
ey to John (t. Hall's estate and money in
Canada estate suffered the same fate,
heretofore paid in as a gift have it all per-
ting my receipts for money paid there for
these cases to prevent them to me at once
may get dispositive to enable me for settle-
ments.

CHAS. W. BARRETT,
Adm'r. to Each Case.

NEW DEPARTURE

—IN THE—

GAN TRADE

—BY—

C. D. H. BALDWIN & CO.

the fact that there are hundreds of
who would be glad to give their children
education, would they afford to purchase
good treatment at a reasonable price,
decided to sell 624 hundred Ave (value)
the following terms. We will put the
organs down to \$10, and purchase
each and the remainder as \$1 each,
the small monthly payments of \$1 each,
the purchase may pay and six months
consider. Those that what a mar-
velous cents per day will do for your child-
above organs are made in first-class
first-class material. The cases are of
a value. They have ten full sets of
even sets, those of which are all the
each, making these equal to first-class
or make. The key-note of your body,
of five years now with each organ.
of the city, and find the most
a musician, can have a regular con-
and full description with a view to
appreciate doing. These can obtain them
prices and no terms equally as good as

purchase money on organs and \$5 on
by saying you saw this offer in the
HERALD.

C. D. H. Baldwin & Co.,
80 North Avenue,
BOSTON, MASS.

The Pine Hill Coal Company.

Pine Hill, Ky., Nov. 9th.

Very few of the public living within a short distance of this place, have any correct idea of the great extent of industry and wealth which are found at this place and at Livingston, the terminus of this road. The principal business, as all are aware, of this place, is that of mining and shipping coal. It is generally, and most erroneously supposed, that this industry is a set of ignorant men, without either capital or brains, and that all that is necessary, is physical strength and no ability, other wise to make this business successful. That those who take an interest in such things may have some idea as to the vast extent of this industry as developed in the little one-horse county of Rockcastle, we propose to give a brief statement of the manner in which coal is gotten out and sent to our neighbors to keep them warm during the winter months, and hope it may prove interesting to those who have never given this subject any consideration. There are several mines at this place, and at Livingston, but the system has been most completely developed in the business of the Pine Hill Coal Company, formerly known as C. Crooke & Co. This Company has a capital of one hundred thousand dollars invested in the business at this place. It has now been ten years since Mr. C. Crooke, of Madison county, opened these mines, and to his indomitable energy and enterprise is due their success. He has gone on extending and making improvements, until to-day the Pine Hill Coal Company boasts the most complete and extensive arrangements for mining coal cheaply and expeditiously in the State. The Company have over twelve hundred acres of coal land, eight miles of railroad, and side track, a locomotive and nearly three hundred rail cars. In addition to this, they have about sixty-five dwelling houses for miners to live in; an engine house, machine shop, tip-house, ice-house and pond. They also have five thousand feet of water-pipe in use, which conducts water from a never-failing spring up in the mountains into the dwelling-house, office, storehouse, bath-rooms, to the tank which supplies the locomotive, and to a large reservoir near the tip-house, to carry away the slack from the screenings of the coal. The storehouse is completely stocked with ten thousand dollars worth of goods, requires four clerks, and does almost as much business as Mt. Vernon.

The manner of weighing, weighing and loading coal so that each man gets justice, is very interesting. This Company employs altogether, about one hundred and twenty-five men, seventy-five or eighty of whom, are diggers, the balance being day hands, or men who work on the outside of the railroad, or who dig "entries" into the side of the mountain. These diggers are furnished planes, or "rooms" in the mines, by the bank boss, and the only tools used are a fine steel pick, the shape of a new moon, with a handle in the centre, about two feet long, a hammer and a small iron wedge.

The miners strike the lower edge of the coal strata with their picks and excavate about four or five inches, until they penetrate several feet under the coal bed. They then take the wedge, and with a few strokes of the hammer, drive in the upper part of the coal. The large blocks of coal break loose, roll down and are thrown into the waiting car. The miner works in a reclining position, resting upon one elbow. A small lamp about the shape of a coffee-pot is looked in his cap or hat, furnishes him with light. Each miner is represented by a number on brass dies, or checks, and when he commences loading a car, he places one of these numbers on a hook in the bottom of the car. When a train of, say eighty cars, holding ten bushels each, is loaded and hauled out in sections by mules to the main track, they are attached to the engine and brought down from the mines, a distance of two and a half miles to the tip-house, where all the coal is weighed and loaded into waiting cars for shipment.

The manner of weighing is also interesting. The small cars are run into the tip-house upon a portion of the track which bring detached awings over a pivot and empties the coal over the first screen. Underneath the tip-house are three tracks, two of them for large cars and one for small cars to catch the out coal. When the miners' cars are dumped in the tip-house above, the coal first passes over a fine screen, through which the nut coal drops into the small car and is hauled off a distance of three hundred yards and run over another screen which breaks it from dirt and slack into the large car which receives it for shipment. The remainder of the large coal in the tip-house drops into an iron box and is weighed. While this is being done, the man who dumps the car takes the number, or check which he finds on the hook in the bottom of the car, puts it in a tin-tube which runs into the weigher's room and drops out on the desk in front of the

weigher, who picks it up and enters the weight of that particular car on a bulletin under the number which he receives. This daily bulletin has columns, at the head of each is a printed number, and in this way each man secures credit for every bushel of coal he digs.

When the coal is weighed, the weigher by pressing on a lever with his foot, opens the door of the weigh-box, and the coal thus released rolls out over another and larger screen into the car below. The coal which passes through this latter screen is classed as lump coal, and that which passes over it is block and the best coal that is mined. When the days work is over, the weigher takes—the daily bulletin to the book keeper, who counts up each man's work, and gives him credit for that amount on the books.

The miner can draw checks in payment for his work at the end of each day if he so desires. These checks represent values ranging from five cents to one dollar, and are exchangeable at the store for goods. Should a miner so desire, he can leave all his work to his credit on the books, and on the 10th of each month—which is regular pay-day, draw all that is due him in money. The monthly payroll amounts to nearly four thousand dollars. The miners are at present paid five-cents per bushel for digging coal, and many of them make from \$3 to \$4 per day at this price. About twelve car loads per day are mined and shipped, and this company expect to be able to do even more than that as soon as their mines are fully opened.

A coal "boom" of the biggest kind has struck Pine Hill, and this article can be very properly called "black diamonds."

[Continued on the 21 page of this issue.]

For Persons Who Do Not Advertise.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following story. The moral will be obvious to those who have any thing to sell:

In Paris, last Summer, I saw a friend of mine who had just come over, using a pen of peculiar construction, designed with special reference to those untidy persons who, like myself, let their fingers when they write. Now, my friend is a man whose hands are as white as lilies, with finger-nails like rosebuds in tint—noticeable hands, even remarkable, considering that he is an elderly man, and who occasionally helps with the lighter work on his farm in Nebraska. Catch him inking his hands!

"Why, where did you get that nice pen?" I asked him, a vita of blissful exemption from an uninked middle finger opening on my joyous, expectant mind.

"In Omaha," he answered. "It's the nicest thing I used to ink my fingers before I got it."

He did! He inked his fingers! That was enough for me. I got the name of the merchant from whom he got the pen, the price of it, and inclosing the money, I sent from Paris to Omaha for the pen. By the last steamer it came to me. The stationer at Omaha was out of them, but he sent to Sioux City, to the man that advertises them, for another lot. And now I ere is where the laugh comes in. The pens are an English invention, and of them can be had in London, if desired. At the stationer's, next door, I could have got what I had sent for to Sioux City. But how could I know that? I dealt with the man who advertised.

No Smoking in Here.

"You can't smoke in here," said a John street conductor to a countryman, who was pulling away vigorously a 5-cent cigar in a car full of ladies.

The man didn't seem to hear.

"I say," cried the man of the bell-punch, in a louder key, "if you want to smoke, come out here on the platform."

"All right," returned the passenger, and he stepped out. "Didn't think it would hurt nothing," he said, apologetically, "seem's there ain't any straw in the car to catch fire."

"Oh, yes; didn't think nothing about that. Might get ash on their gowns and spoils 'em."

"It ain't so much that," explained the conductor, "but ladies object to smoke."

"Well, I didn't ask any of 'em to smoke, did I? They wouldn't object before they are invited."

"You don't understand. Smoking is disagreeable to ladies."

"Best reason in the world why they shouldn't practice it. Catch me smoking! It is disagreeable to me!"

And he tranquilly pulled away at his 5-center. [Cin. Saturday Night.]

As Eastern legend says: "Every man has two angels, upon his right and left. When he does any thing good the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done forever. When he does evil the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down, but he does not seal it. He waits until midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah, I have sinned; forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder drops out on the desk in front of the

Young Editor's Experience with the Hummer.

I met Artemus Ward but once. I was quite young at the time, and was acting as city editor on the Star, published at Schenectady, N. Y. I was standing on the bridge at the time, and in talking about newspaper work was about to say something in regard to my heavy editorial responsibility, but Ward checked me by asking—

"What creek is this?"

"Creek!" I exclaimed, "why, this is the Erie Canal."

"How far is it navigable?"

"Why, of course it is navigable from one end to the other."

"Well," solemnly replied Ward, "that beats all the streams I ever heard of. By-the-way, I think I can make out some large boats anchored up the stream—what are they, propellers or wide wheelers?"

I replied that they were merely canal boats and were moved by horse power.

"Ah! I didn't think the stream was as shallow as that."

"As shallow as what?"

"Why, you say those boats are pulled along by horses. Now, of course they must walk along in front of the boat, mustn't they? I used to run a steamboat on my lamented Uncle Jim's farm, and I distinctly remember that the horses walked along in front."

I mentally declared that I had never before met with such ignorance. I spent some time in explaining the peculiarities of the big ditch, and just as I had begun to think that at last I had met the stranger right on the subject, he knocked my hopes into kindling wood by remarking—

"I suppose that when the stream dries up in the Summer they put the boats on wheels, don't they?"

Then I began again, and explained every feature in the canal from New York to Erie. How attentively he listened to my words. I can still see that melancholy face, lit by the sad light of the stars, and those mournful eyes looking into mine so earnestly; and again I hear as I did then, after I had talked for nearly half an hour, going fully into the details of boating, the low, pathetic drawl:

"Any saw mills on this stream that you know of?"

Just then some gentleman came along who seemed to be acquainted with my untidy friend. Presently one of them called him Artemus, and then I commenced to reflect. I always reflect about when I hid away somewhere, so I went and hid myself.

The New Jersey Justice of the Peace Decides a Question of Law.

A laughable illustration of how questions of law are sometimes decided in courts held by Justices of the Peace, happened recently in Avondale, N. J. Counsel for the plaintiff was a Hackensack lawyer, and he waited upon the "Squire" a day or two before trial to give him his opinion as to the legal points in the case. The Justice's remarkable reply is thus reported in the Hackensack Republican:

"I don't know what your notions are, but I think I shall decide against you." "On what grounds?" asked the astonished attorney. "On general principles," replied the Hibernian dispenser of justice. "Well," said the legal luminary, "you are compelled to act in accordance with the law; otherwise you will be held responsible." "I'm not here to die on justice," he said. An adjournment having been granted, the trial was proceeded with a few days later. The case was presented, evidence offered, the counsel summed up, and gave the law governing the case to the jury. The Judge then charged the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Yes have heard the case before you; but yes have nothing to do with the law, and nothing to guide you, save the evidence; and yes mustn't mind what this lawyer tells you."

The verdict was rendered in accordance with the wishes of the learned Justice. [Sun.]

Jack Billings on Marriages.

Sum marry because they think matrimony will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crap holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves and discover that the gain was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it over carefully first, and then set down and marry.

No man kin tell justly what he will fetch up when he tees kalico.

No man kin tell justly what kalico has made up her mind to do.

Kalico don't know herself. Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circumstance.

Marryage is a safe way to gambel; if you win, you win a pile, and if you lose, you don't lose any thing.

The spirit of liberty is not merely, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged and trampled under foot.

Too Much for Him.

The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to baffle or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent recalls an amusing instance of this sort, which happened some time ago in an Albany courtroom.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got on very well and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell in the floor in a swoon.

Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly.

An expedient suggested itself, by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked—

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?"

A great sensation in the court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered:

"No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city, sir."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that every body listened anxiously to the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness' eye, and a quiver from her lip, as if from suppressed humor.

"'Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the courtroom, in which the venerable Judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case, not to say his temper.

Parta North Remembering.

One thousand shingles laid four laches to the weather will cover one hundred square feet of surface; and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them.

One-fifth more shingling and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the shingling and nailing of the floor.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven lbs. of lath-nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stones, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney. Nine brick in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long; and eight brick in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

A box twenty-eight inches by sixteen inches square, and twenty-eight inches deep will contain a barrel.

A box twenty-eight inches by fifteen and one-fifth inches and eight inches deep will contain a bushel.

The Lord's Prayer.

Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it mites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—Our Father.

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—Who art in Heaven.

It tells us that we must reverence our Heavenly Father—Hallowed be Thy name.

It breathes the saint's reward—Thy kingdom come.

And a submissive, obedient spirit—Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And a dependent, trusting spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.

And a forgiving spirit—Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And a cautious spirit—Deliver us from evil.

And last of all, an adoring spirit—For thine is a kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

A Negro's Philosophy.

A tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she was a Christian.

"Yes, brudder," she replied.

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the scriptures which says that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chibee, you smoke and you can not enter into the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I spects to leave my brail behind when I go dar."

MARKETS.

ST. LOUIS.	ST. LOUIS.	ST. LOUIS.
Wheat, No. 1	10 1/2	10 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	10 1/4	10 1/4
Wheat, No. 3	10 1/8	10 1/8
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ST. LOUIS.

OLD HOUSE
J. T. WARREN &
64 & 66 W. SECOND